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THE NEW IDEAL

A Journal of Constructive Liberal Thought and Applied Ethics.

VOL. II. BOSTON, APRIL, 1889. No. 4.

EDITORIAL.

THE NEW "CHRIST."

COME to the cradle, and bow:
Knowledge is Saviour now.
And the airs that blow,
And the waters that flow,—
The Forces of Nature
Increasing man's stature,—
Are the modern Angels
That murmur Evangels.

Seize on them while you may!
Be blest in the life of to-day!

JAMES H. WEST.

GENERAL TOPICS.

JOTTINGS ON LIBERALISM.

THERE is no true Liberalism that is not upbuilding,—creative.

LIBERALISM must indeed tear down. It must destroy everything that is false or dangerous. But Liberalism does not stop with destruction.

IT is not Liberalism, but illiberalism, that is content only with whacking. And it is neither Liberalism nor illiberalism, but simple shamelessness, that is content with indifference.

IF, in a world of need, we help not, nor help even the Helpers who help,—then, indeed, "*Heaven* help us," for earth gives us over. (Lucky that the gods will remain till man himself is regal!)

WORSE than not helping, is a critical spirit towards those who do help. It is not Liberalism, but illiberalism, which, itself apathetic, feels sore if another is actively at work trying to build up.

IT is not necessary, perhaps, that the upbuilding should be in our line, or after our methods. What if it isn't? If it is *upbuilding*, that is what is wanted. That is what the world waits for.

BETTER philosophic egotism, if such may be, than unphilosophical indifferentism — which not only may be, but, too largely, *is*. The former at least *accomplishes*. What does the latter? Kindly criticism, or the presenting of an honest difference of view, is not undesirable. Rather, is desirable and beneficial. But criticism without the offering of something better——?

WHERE any one is aiming to construct, let us help. No matter, perhaps, what it is that is being constructed — or what the constructor *thinks* is being constructed. If it is a house of cards, the breath of newer and better knowledge will rack it into chaos. If it shall prove to be founded on the eternal verities, we may well rejoice to have had a hand in it — may rejoice even to have "looked on," encouragingly. It is *the spirit of upbuilding* that counts.

WHY NOT RECOGNIZE IT?

IF it be a fact, why should we not recognize it? And will any sincere student or thinker deny that it is a fact? Would not greater good be done if we should recognize it oftener? We refer to the "resemblances" between Christianity and Liberalism, as hinted in another section of these "General Topics,"—of which resemblances much less is always made than of the "differences" between the two.

CHURCH TAXATION IN OREGON.

A BILL has recently been introduced into the Oregon State Legislature for the taxation of church property. When it comes to be discussed, as it will be shortly, it is likely that certain plain truths on religious matters will be spoken by a number of Liberals among the State senators and representatives. If slow, the growth of complete separation between Church and State in America is nevertheless appreciable — occasional and erratic "Blair Bills" to the contrary notwithstanding.

NOT A LEG TO STAND ON.

WHAT we say in other places in these columns concerning Christianity and Liberalism will not be understood as meaning that we believe Christianity a desirable form of religion to continue. How can that which, intellectually, — as a system,— is irrational; which in many points, ethically, is immoral; and which, in the greater part of its cosmical tenets, is against nature rather than in accord with nature, be fitted to survive? And certainly, to any candid mind, Christianity *as Christianity* has not, either rationally or cosmically, a leg to stand on. It has lived and expanded, and continued to live and expand, in an increasingly scientific world, only because of that in it which is extra-Christian, or universal — its humanitarianism.

CHRISTIANITY AND LIBERALISM.

IN spirit we are one. In longing we are one. In the means of our real upbuilding we are one. What is best in Christianity is what is best in Liberalism. That in Christianity by which the souls of its adherents are upheld and made strong for life's needs and duties and sorrows, is exactly that which, in Liberalism, gives the same hope and help and strength. It is only (as we use the expression in another paragraph) in the "fringes and furbelows" of Christianity — its "scriptures" and creeds and dogmas and articles and forms and "beliefs" — that it is open to attack. But forever, while it puts these, its "beliefs" and ceremonies and "books," foremost, and makes these, rather than the natural inner spirit of truth and good in man, the tests of its fellowship, will it be open to attack — and be attacked. It has ever been the husks, the outsides, the superficialities of religion that reformers, from Isaiah and Jesus down, have fought against — never its inner soul of aspiration and good.

THE LADDER OF RATIONALISM.

THERE is only one true and in every way consistent Christian church. That is the Roman Catholic church. All others "climb up some other way" — using, to some extent, greater or less, the ladder of Rationalism for their ascent. Orthodox Protestantism is one round; Congregationalism in a second; Universalism is a third; Unitarianism is a fourth. If we put our feet on a ladder, however, why go up two or three or four rounds only, there to stop and peek through,— still in the mists? Why not go on up towards the top? Thus we shall more and more clearly see through, and in time over, all mists — the sunlight of pure Truth playing always around us, open to our fuller and fuller discovery. There is no stopping-place,— none,— on the ladder of Truth — nor shall be. Its top is in the cosmic spaces. Its last round centers in the heart of the Universal Secret. With Rationalism the cry is, ceaselessly, "*Excelsior!*" — up and on. To climb we must first be free.

CHRISTIANITY AND BUDDHISM.

W. H. H. Murray, sometime "Rev." and once pastor of Park Street church in Boston, has compared Christianity, in certain of its characteristics, with Buddhism. And this is what he says:

Christian civilization might profit from Buddhism, and New England might go to school in China and India. The underlying idea of Buddhism is a belief in the infinite capacity of human intellect; a belief in the availing of true merit, and the development of human faculties. It is not a heavy, sensual religion, but one purely rational, appealing to conscientiousness and intellect for support. While Old England and New England have used the rack, the cell, the dungeon, the inquisition, and thousands of implements of torture, there have been over twenty-three hundred years of Buddhism with not a drop of blood in its onward march, not a grave along its pathway! It has never persecuted, never deceived the people, never practised pious fraud, never appealed to prejudice, never used the sword. If Buddhists are heathen, are they not civilized heathen?

OUT OF THE SPECTRUM THE WHITE RAY.

There are certain things said, in more than one article in the present issue, which perhaps, by themselves, would hardly stand the test of fact and experience. What they are, every reader will of course easily discover for himself! (It is to be assumed that they are all outside of the editorial pages.) It so happens, however,—as will be seen, we think, if the whole paper is carefully read,—that these very matters, wherein the certain articles referred to are weak, are, in other articles, presented in much truer and more helpful guise. The latter-mentioned articles therefore will, in their nearer correct tenor, counteract the fallacies, if we are right in deeming them such, of the first-mentioned articles;—and thus in, or out of, the wise combination of the various colors of the ethico-literary spectrum, as presented in our current issue, the soul-optician, if he be earnest enough, may project upon the screen of human need some faint flicker, at least, of the white ray of Truth. Is it not in this way alone—through full, free, and brave discussion, however variant one sincere view from another—that the pure, wholesome blaze of Truth shall finally sweep all darkness away?

THE GROWTH OF MAN.

Still talking about the Fall of Man! Still harping on mediæval themes, and phrasing the phraseology of the child-world! Still claiming that without New-Testament miracle and the blindness of Dark-Age metaphysics, we are lost in irreligion, and civilization is a failure! "How long, ye simple ones, will ye love simplicity?" O guileless orthodox "exchanges" of The New Ideal! (and, indeed, we may without injustice include not a few ostensibly "Universalist" and "Unitarian" organs also),—coming to us week by week, we examine you, each issue, with growing wonder, not unmixed with the sublimity of admiration! For, however mistaken, according to our view, such adherence may be, we *can* admire faithful adherence to what is thought to be true! *But when are you going to learn that it isn't true?* The best knowledge of modern times, and the purest, most ingenuous regard of modern lovers of man's well-being, are telling you over and over that it isn't true!—and have been telling you so, with increasing distinctness, for twenty years, thirty years, fifty years! Man's history is a history of growth, not of degeneracy. He has never before been so high as he is to-day. He has ever been growing purer and nobler; and his best thought and his most helpful religion have kept pace only with his mental and religious freedom, and with the broadening of his outlook and opportunity through new discovery. And all on the "natural" basis. "Christianity" claims its own inception as the grandest idea, and its own extension as the grandest epoch in the history of man. But by the side of the real growth and upbuilding of man in things really essential to his good and to his future earthly welfare, "Christianity" fades, and fades, and dwindles. There is in "Christianity" nothing of value that is not more valuable apart from the fringes and furbelows of its mistaken-universe ideas of things; and what *is* thus apart is no longer "Christianity," but the accumulated love and aspiration and hopefulness, naturally evolved, of the human mind and heart.

THE WORLD'S GRANDEST IDEA AND GRANDEST EPOCH.

In his essay, "The Evolution of the Earth," just printed, Mr. Janes quotes Prof. Joseph Le Conte as follows. In such passages we learn something of the real debt of "religion" to science;—learn what "infinite" and "eternal" really mean:

"Until the birth of modern astronomy the intellectual space-horizon of the human mind was bounded substantially by the dimensions of our earth: sun, moon and stars being but inconsiderable bodies circulating at a little distance about the earth, and for our behoof. Astronomy was then but the geometry of the curious lines traced by those wandering fires on the concave blackboard of heaven. With the first glance through a telescope, the phases of Venus and the satellites of Jupiter revealed clearly to the mind the existence of other worlds besides and like our own. In that moment the idea of infinite space, full of worlds like our own, was for the first time completely realized, and became thenceforth the heritage of man. In that moment the intellectual horizon of man was infinitely extended. So also, until the birth of geology, about the beginning of the present century, the intellectual time-horizon of the human mind was bounded by six thousand years. The discovery about that time of animal remains, all wholly different from those now inhabiting the earth, revealed the existence of other time fauna besides our own; and the idea of infinite time, of which the life of humanity is but an epoch, was then born in the mind of man; and again the intellectual horizon of man was infinitely extended. These two were the grandest ideas, and their introduction the grandest epochs, in the intellectual history of man."

ORDER VS. MIRACLE.

The more we study the universe and its methods, the farther and farther off seems the possibility of miracle, or interference, or "cataclysm." As in astronomy, so in geology; as in geology, so in biology; and as in biology, so in psychology,—mind, soul. All is order. Of geological order, Mr. Janes speaks and quotes, in his essay, "The Evolution of the Earth":

It was formerly the accepted opinion that the great changes on the earth's surface had been mainly brought about by cataclysmic agencies. Sir Charles Lyell, however, and the leading geologists of the modern school, have made it clear that the great geological changes have been produced slowly, by gradual processes of subsidence and elevation, and not by earthquakes and volcanic action. Compared with the slow evolutionary movements of Nature, cataclysm or revolution has played but a small part in our mundane affairs. Volcanic action and earthquakes are merely the culminations of orderly and gradual anterior processes.

I cannot do better than illustrate this branch of the subject with a quotation from Professor Le Conte, a master in this field of thought and investigation:—

"There was a time (not many decades ago) when all things, the origin of which transcends our ordinary experience, were supposed to have originated suddenly and without natural process—to have been made at once, out of hand. There was a time when, for example, mountains were supposed to have been made at once, with all their diversified forms, of beetling cliffs, and thundering waterfalls, or gentle slopes and smiling valleys, just as we now find them. But now we know that they have become so only by a very gradual process, and are still changing under our very eyes. In a word, they have been formed by a pro-

cess of evolution. We know now the date of mountain-births; we trace their growth, maturity, decay and death; and find even, as it were, the fossil bones of extinct mountains in the crumpled strata of their former places. There was a time when continents and seas, gulfs, bays and rivers, were supposed to have originated at once, substantially as we now see them. Now we know that they have been changing throughout all geological time, and are still changing. Not, however, changing back and forth in any direction indifferently and without goal, but gradually changing from less perfect to more perfect condition, with more and more complex inter-relations — i. e., by a process of evolution. There was a time when rocks and soil were supposed to have been always rocks and soil; when soils were regarded as an original clothing made on purpose to hide the rocky nakedness of the new-born earth. God clothed the earth so, and there was an end. Now we know that rocks rot down to soils; soils are carried down and deposited as sediments; and sediments consolidate as rocks — the same materials being worked over and over again, passing through all these changes many times in the history of the earth. In a word, there was a time when it was thought that the earth, with substantially its present form, configuration and climate, was made at once out of hand, as a fit habitation for man and animals. Now we know that it has been changing, preparing, becoming what it is by a slow process, through a lapse of time so vast that the mind sinks exhausted in the attempt to grasp it. It has become what it is now by a process of evolution. We may, therefore, confidently generalize — we may assert without fear of contradiction that all inorganic forms, without exception, have originated by a process of evolution."

ESSAY.

For *The New Ideal.*

HAS MORALITY AN EVOLUTIONAL OR AN ETERNAL BASIS?

BY DR. EDMUND MONTGOMERY.

WHETHER, in our human world, morality — that priceless exotic amid physical necessity and the struggle for existence — arises from conformity to an archetypal goodness, eternally subsisting as the attribute of a Supreme Being; or whether, on the contrary, it originates and develops in strict dependence upon man's own social nature and status, — this, undoubtedly, is the vital question of our time. A valid answer, one way or the other, would dissipate for good the depressing mists of religious Agnosticism, that hang so heavily upon our present aspirations. Should such answer fall out in favor of an eternal standard, then no doubt could possibly be left as to the existence of an eternal Standard-bearer; and we, partaking thus of the ethical essence of eternal Being, would know for certain that our foremost duty in life and beyond it must be adequately to recognize and fully to realize within ourselves the divine nature. Should, on the other hand, the answer fairly show that no supernatural presuppositions are needed to account for our moral propensities; that these are simply the result of the cultured comprehension, refinement, and extension of our natural relations to fellow-creatures and the world at large, — then we would feel bound to devote with undivided zeal our loftiest energies solely to the further elevation of this our present, all-including life.

The New Ideal binds its votaries to discuss this great constructive question in the genuine light and spirit of science. And this means, that the reasoning here to be employed will exercise itself in the interpretation of the given and investigated order of nature, and will be used solely in the service of truth to be sought, not in that of traditional doctrines to be re-enforced. The advocacy and exposition of mere authoritative dicta, theological or metaphysical, can enlighten us no longer. It is not our mission here to plead in favor of or against any foregone conclusion. In all humility do we acknowledge the darkness amid which our understanding is groping, and desire with friendly candor and united effort to seek for the true explanation of that mysterious bidding which urges, with such supreme concern, the fulfilment of an ideal that we feel ought to be the norm of our existence, and that as yet fails us everywhere.

Going at once to the root of the dissension, which is so trenchantly dividing even the boldest radical thinkers into two antithetical camps: philosophically into pantheistic and cosmic Evolutionists, ethically into God-aspiring Transcendentalists and mere naturalistic Humanitarians; — going to the root of it, we find it to lie in the same fundamental contrast of world-aspect, which to philosophical contemplation has so often made Reality apprehended by reason appear incommensurably superior to Reality revealed through sense. Those trained to interpret experience under the mastering sway of abstract thought and formal logic, are ever prone to believe that Being, in supreme fullness and perfection, subsists eternally as the never-failing fountain-head of the phenomenal play which makes up the world of time-bound appearances we call nature. Accordingly, Evolution as conceived in such transcendental light, and Evolution as taught by natural science, are processes moving in exactly opposite directions. Transcendentalism aims to evolve through thought the lower from the higher. Natural science aims to read the nature-given record of a developmental movement from low beginnings to high results. Let no one imagine that these two totally different world-conceptions can ever be reconciled. One or the other has eventually to give way.

Under the ruling influence of the ratiocinative mode of thinking, it is deemed imperative to assume that an underlying Totality or Universal must somehow comprise in itself, as higher reality, the many concrete things conceived as belonging to one and the same whole, or to one and the same species; that causes are to be considered at least equivalent in worth and power to their effects; and that every end attained in nature must have pre-existed as rational purpose in some being. These reason-bred principles form the real ground-work on which the transcendental faith rests. And it has to be unhesitatingly conceded that, if they are irrefragably sound, then morality has its basis in eternal Being, far beyond anything belonging to sense-apparent nature and its evolution in Time.

Firmly to anchor morality — of which we have experience only as a slow and precarious growth in the social life of our race — in the eternal and steadfast essence of an all-comprehensive Being, is the paramount endeavor of Transcendentalism. And, in case of success, it would insure its complete triumph as a world-conception. This lofty task is essentially that which Dr. Abbot* also has set himself. Thus, he likewise and necessarily appeals to the ratiocinative principles. He declares: "No fountain can rise above its source." "If it is irrational to believe in the 'spontaneous generation' of an organic species out of inorganic matter, because science has shown that all life proceeds from previous life alone; it is far more irrational to believe that an ethically constituted race could have been produced by an unethically constituted universe." "The *'omne vivum ex vivo'* is no more solid an argument than the parallel *omne ethicum ex ethico.*"

Professor Seth, an avowed transcendental Idealist, of the school which acknowledges the late Professor Green and Professor Caird as its leaders, has recently given similar reasons for his faith in an eternal basis of ethics. He says: "The higher cannot be explained by the lower." "As the evolution of physical life implies a germ of life at the first,

* I am well aware that Dr. Abbot's standpoint is not that of Transcendental *Idealism*, but of Transcendental *Realism*. He seeks to show that, by force of the intellectual apperception of sense-revealed reality, we come to know more and more fully the eternal noumenal or divine Being, whose existence appears to us at present as a complex of successive and scattered natural *phenomena* solely on account of our inadequate realization of it.

so the moral evolution implies a moral germ. The earlier forms of moral, as of physical, life are potentially the later; and the lower must in either case be interpreted in terms of the higher." (*Mind*, No. LIII., p. 44.)

Now, to all who have occupied themselves with theologically unbiased biology, the extreme scientific weakness of the conception of "physical life," upon whose analogy reliance is here placed, must be strikingly apparent. If the argument for an eternal basis of morality had no more solid support to lean upon, it would have a poor chance to stand. From the fact, that, in the present stage of evolution, all living beings are found to come into existence as the offspring of pre-existing living beings, science by no means concludes,—as alleged by Dr. Abbot and Professor Seth,—nor is it bound by sound reasoning to conclude, that this has at *all* stages of evolution been the case. On the contrary, by force of the vast number of coinciding and unmistakable signs of a continuity of development undergone by our planet and its belongings, science is driven to conclude that the organic has been developed from the inorganic. It is convinced that the primordial substance, which first exhibited in its most primitive form that kind of activity which, in its far more advanced developments, we now call "Life,"—that this higher material combination, with the higher activity appertaining to it,—a material combination all of whose constituent elements are also forming part of inorganic nature,—undoubtedly was developed from "inorganic matter."

When Dr. Bastian succeeded in once more startling the scientific world by professing to have derived even comparatively high forms of life through spontaneous generation, the most incredulous were exactly those who believed most firmly in the evolution of organic forms from inorganic matter. Mr. Herbert Spencer, as their spokesman, expressed —as Dr. Abbot of all men is best aware—the reason of this incredulity, in clear terms implying such evolution. He said: "Construed in terms of evolution, every kind of being is conceived as a product of modifications wrought by insensible gradations on a pre-existing kind of being." The belief in evolution, geological and biological, necessarily involves the belief in the development of organic forms from a more and more complex combination of inorganic elements. And "Life" is certainly neither a transcendental entity attached *ab extra* to organic forms, nor a supernatural influx interpenetrating and actuating them, but simply their own inherent mode of interaction with the surrounding powers of nature.

It is characteristic of the transcendental point of view, but quite unscientific, indeed purely metaphorical, to use the term "germ" in the sense Professor Seth uses it. A germ, in the scientific sense, is a particle of specifically organized material detached from a fully developed organism, and capable of *Reproducing* solely the kind of organic form from which it is derived. To call a moner, or something still more primitive, the "germ" of vertebrate animals, would be to conceive it as endowed with such reproductive powers as, in our world, it could only have attained by being itself derived from these highest types of organic development. Here the principle of the superiority of causes to their effects, which actually holds good in this very peculiar and, to Transcendentalism, prototypal case of organic reproduction, is wholly perverted by that school, in order to insinuate—in compliance with its first principles—a complete though utterly latent installment of vital efficiency into life at its very origin. While, in strict contradiction to this, it is scientifically evident that vital efficiency develops only by slow degrees, and in keeping with the extension of the relations into which the organism comes to stand to its environment.

Of course, "potentially" the capacity to develop must in some way inhere in the primordial state out of which development arises. But, surely, the present state of our planet was not potentially contained in the nebular mass out of which it developed, in the same sense as organisms are potentially contained in the eggs or germs they have themselves produced; nor in the same sense as vital functions are potentially inherent in the fully developed organs, whose immediate mode of activity they are.

Evolution, scientifically conceived, means in all reality, and most essentially, the advancement of something lower to something higher, the rising of the fountain above its source, the co-operation of causes in the production of effects higher than themselves.

If it were as easy to show that the ethical must have arisen from the unethical, as it is to show that the organic must have arisen from the inorganic, victory over the transcendental mode of interpretation would soon be won. But many a hard problem has first to be solved before such victory can be said to be achieved.

Using our "naturally acquired knowledge," and consulting "the authority of the nature of things," I will, in future articles, first impeach the supreme presupposition of Transcendentalism as itself unethical in the extreme; and will then discuss the sundry intricate and profound enigmas which have to be scientifically explained before morality can rightly claim to be established on a naturalistic or evolutional basis.

GENERAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE PHILOSOPHIC SPIRIT VS. EGOTISM.

What is philosophy but *love* of wisdom,—of truth,—with ever growing longing to know *more* as knowledge increases! He does not possess the true philosophic spirit who, having caught his first gleam, or even when dazzled by several bright rays from what seems to his limited vision the Central Sun of Truth, rushes to the conclusion that this is all the light it has to give, and that brother-seekers after the divine source of light, standing at different points of view from his own, are mistaken, or falsifying, when they affirm that to them rays of light come from directions where he sees only darkness, or when they declare their inability to discern the rays he so triumphantly tries to point out to them. It is the unphilosophic spirit of intellectual egotism which, not taking into consideration the fact that there are other as sincere lovers of truth as himself in this groping world, who have arrived at different conclusions, wishes impatiently to hurrah all these in his own direction. "Eureka!—here—*here!*" cries this unphilosophic spirit; "this way shines the true light! You are all wrong; I alone am in the right path." And whoever fails to follow his lead he declares unsincere, or blind.

The position of Agnosticism, at this period in the world's never-ending search after truth, seems just now to most greatly irritate these scientific and religious egotists, who fancy that to them, and to them only, at last is revealed truth's ultimate. And yet in Agnosticism is found the true philosophic spirit; for the attitude it takes, in this late sudden rush of investigating atoms, with their whirring conclusions and buzzing, complacent chorus of "lo, here!" and "lo, there!" is that of modest, patient waiting for stronger light on disputed questions, and for the test of time to be applied to conflicting testimony before deciding as to what is true, or as to what, in new doctrines, is harmonious with what it already knows through past experience, or as to what it may learn from future experiment. Agnosticism simply refuses to dogmatize about theories yet unproven, and its present modest, truthful "I do not know," does not include, as so many profess to think, any dogmatic "I shall not know" for the future. The philosophic spirit gives credence to the sincerity of all seekers after truth. It knows that truth is as satisfying and necessary to one human soul as to another. But when it is called upon, now in this direction,

then in that, to acknowledge theories, visions, discoveries, unverified by itself, to be *the* truth above all others, it can only say, it does not yet recognize these as truth; and work patiently and unrestingly toward more convincing knowledge. And this with the most profound reverence for truth. It is the spirit of unphilosophic intolerance which cries out, "Dolt!" "Hypocrite!" "Rebel!" to those who do not see as we do, and who honestly say so. It is the spirit of sublimated conceit which declares ourselves, and none other, the discoverers and possessors of truth. In this so evidently circumscribed human organism of ours, whose limits we can ourselves recognize as bounded on every side by inadequate senses, we cannot fail to perceive that those limitations make us liable to make mistakes in our most earnest and painstaking guesses at the problems of the universe.

For ages upon ages men and women just as sincere, just as earnest, just as eager to discover as ourselves, have been searching for, probing for, guessing at, quarreling over truth, with as passionate desire as any living thinker of to-day, —many of them giving up life, liberty, happiness, in the ardor of that search. They arrived at all sorts of widely differing conclusions, most of which have since been demonstrated to be erroneous by the wider knowledge of a later day. Does it not then savor of high arrogance in any student now living,—all such students working still not in the full sunlight of complete knowledge but in the mists and darkness of dawn,—to declare that he, and he alone, has reached the ultimate of wisdom, the bounds of knowledge, in any one direction? It is only intellectual dogmatism, and a limitedness contented with half-knowledge, which can do so, or declare to a fellow-student that his own solution of the problem which both are working at is, though still unproven, the only correct one. The thinker who dogmatizes only helps invalidate his own claim to a patient hearing from his brother-thinkers; and yet those who possess the philosophic spirit will nevertheless grant him the interested hearing and careful weighing of argument and evidence which he refuses to others. It is seldom, however, careful and discriminating sifting of the evidence of his claim to discovery that the egotistic thinker wants. It is not truth that he wishes glorified, but himself as the discoverer. Back of his vehement defence and upholding of his special scientific, philosophic or religious views and vaunted love of truth, is a vaulting ambition to be thought a favored son of Wisdom, a special prophet, the one saviour by whom truth shall come to humanity. It is not pure love of wisdom, or devotion to truth, which animates the researches of such thinkers, but intellectual egotism,—pharisaism of mind,—as is shown when a weaker brother essays to utter his thought, or give his explanation of the mysteries of being, in the presence of one of these. Then our egotist derides and ridicules, when he cannot over-ride or silence, and plainly shows that he considers this man—no less earnest than himself, if mentally less well equipped —as an intruder upon ground he has come to believe sacred to himself and to the few dead thinkers that his conceit allows him to concede somewhat approached him in spiritual or intellectual insight and outlook. To the truly philosophic mind there is something pitiful, sorrowful, in this devouring self-laudation. It longs to comfort and satisfy this yearning, insistent ambition, or to change the energy thus wasted in self-approval into a helpful force in sifting the evidence for truth.

Impatient ambition is not an outcome of the philosophic spirit,—that large-eyed, broad-minded spirit which seeks, loves and serves everlasting Truth, forgetting ephemeral self in the service of humanity—the whole race, not the particular part of it distinguished as "Me." Discoveries are made by the philosophic spirit with pleasure and hopeful satisfaction, but not in elation or triumph over honors won for display. It bears in mind the possibility of mistake, and does not hasten to call the world's attention until reasonably sure it has a right to do so for the world's own good. It seeks to know what other discoverers have found which will harmonize with and dovetail into its own modicum of Truth's great whole; and if it finds its presumed discovery too greatly at variance with those of others, it grows still more doubtful, waiting for and applying test after test before giving it full acceptance. He of truly philosophic spirit can know himself traduced, maligned, misrepresented; his true character caricatured, the best of him unrevealed,—and yet remain, though sorrowful and sad, serene, helpful, patient and loving still. For the *Truth*—that remains, after the fire and flash, the uproar and smoke of human misunderstanding clear away from the battlefield of life. And that is the main good; *that* is sure, at last, to be recognized and understood, whether the thinker who discovered it is ever given justice or not. And in that recognition is the dearest triumph of the true philosophic spirit.

SARA A. UNDERWOOD.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE EARTH.*

THIS beautiful home of ours, the earth—how was it built?—who were its builders? What are the forces that have fashioned and prepared it to become the habitation of man? What has been the history of the earth, since, as a molten ball, it was set upon its course around the sun? These are the questions which we are to attempt to answer to-night. What the cosmogonist has to tell us of the earth's earlier history, we have already learned from the delightful lecture of Mr. Serviss. We have seen how, from the primitive and almost homogeneous fire-mist, the suns and planets have been evolved, by a process of differentiation and integration, proceeding from the indefinite, incoherent, homogeneous, toward the definite, coherent, heterogeneous condition illustrated by the present state of our solar system, thus fulfilling the fundamental law of evolution as laid down by Mr. Spencer. We have learned that while there is some difference of opinion as to the exact method by which this grand result has been accomplished, there is no doubt in the minds of scientific thinkers that the process has been orderly and natural from first to last, impelled by the operation of laws and forces which are still operating, and whose action is familiar to us,—forces which are resident in the matter out of which the universe is builded,—without the aid of supernatural interference or miracle.

How, then, is it with the subsequent history of the earth? We all know the old way of accounting for all this: how, as the legend runs, in six days the Lord not only brought the world into being, gave it the sun and moon and stars,—"the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser lights to rule the night,"—but also clothed it with the verdure of grass, herbs and trees, and peopled it with a myriad forms of life, giving all to man as the crowning glory of creation, into whose nostrils he had breathed the breath of life. The Genesis story is a simple, graphic and suggestive legend, which, when we have ceased to regard it as a statement of scientific truth, we would by no means expunge from the sacred literature of the world. It contains some hints of man's primitive conception of cosmogony, some theory, crude and imperfect as it is, of the way in which life began in the world; but there is not even a suggestion in it of this wonderful story of geology about which we are to think to-night. The visible heavens, and the surface of the earth were known to man in those earlier days; but of what lay within the bosom of the earth, of the forces which had upheaved its mountains, excavated its valleys, prepared it for the teeming life which he beheld around him, he knew practically nothing. The sky to him was a solid firmament; above it, perhaps, the heaven of his imagination, the home of his gods. Beneath the earth was the subterranean abode of the dead, out of which conception the observation of the

* From *The Modern Science Essayist*, No. 4. COPYRIGHT, 1889, by The New Ideal Publishing Company.

lurid fires and destructive energy of volcanoes naturally helped him subsequently to evolve the notion of a fiery hell.

To the modern mind all this is changed, as by the touch of a magician's wand. Where, indeed, can we find a magician as potent as Star-eyed Science, which transforms the misty nebulæ into suns and galaxies, and the rocks beneath our feet into pages of sublimest history? Let us now turn to the study of these pages, writ all over with stories of the past, and trace therein as well as we may, in the brief time allotted to us, the history of the earth.

Primitive Condition of the Earth's Surface. When the surface of the globe had parted with its heat sufficiently to allow the vapors of the atmosphere to condense and descend in rain, it had already become somewhat less homogeneous in form and structure than it was in its original heated condition. The solid crust had become differentiated from the fiery core. Cooling was accompanied by contraction, which produced inequalities of altitude, though less marked than those presented by our present mountain ranges. Relatively to present conditions, the solid portion of the earth's surface may be said to have presented a homogeneous structure. There was no soil, capable of sustaining vegetable life, there were no stratified rocks;—the earth was a vast cooling cinder when the forces began to operate which have produced the manifold forms of life and beauty that now diversify its surface. The great agencies which have effected this evolutionary process, may be classed as atmospheric, aqueous, igneous and organic. The former two, the atmospheric and aqueous, have been leveling and apparently destructive; tearing down rocks and mountains, creating sand and soil, filling the valleys, and making the rough places of the earth smooth, softening its original hardness. The latter, the igneous and organic, have been upbuilding and creating agencies, lifting islands and continents out of the ocean beds, and elevating mountain ranges, thus modifying the climate and productiveness of favored localities; though igneous agencies have sometimes operated destructively as well as constructively.

Action of the Atmospheric and Aqueous Agencies. Up to the time when our history opens, the igneous agencies, together with the great cosmic force of gravity, had been mainly influential in moulding the earth, and shaping its external form. With the condensation of the watery vapors, and their descent upon the earth, the aqueous and atmospheric forces became for a time the dominant agencies in effecting geological transformations. As the surface of the earth was much more level than at present, the continents and islands were smaller and fewer in number than they are now; the seas were shallow, but a much greater proportion of the earth's surface was covered with water. Let us now consider how the atmospheric and aqueous agencies would operate in transforming the exposed areas of land, and what processes would go on in the depths of the oceans and lakes, and along the river-courses.

If we go over to the Palisades on the west bank of the Hudson River, we shall observe, as we know, several miles of almost perpendicular cliffs, reaching a height at one or two points of more than five hundred feet. All along the foot of the cliffs, we find masses of broken rock and debris, growing from year to year by the falling of portions of the rock which are loosened and separated by the action of water, snow and frost. This action goes on most rapidly in the winter and the spring. The water and snow are blown against the cliff, permeating the crevices in the rocks. Freezing and expanding, the ice splits the solid mass asunder, dislodging portions, and creating larger crevices and fissures. Masses of the rock are undermined, and fall, and are pulverized by the subsequent weathering. In this way rain, snow and frost are continually at work, making soil and other forms of detritus from rocks. Some such process as this went on during those early periods before life and vegetation appeared on the earth; for life and vegetation demand soil, and all the soil which now covers vast areas of the earth's surface was originally made by slow processes of disintegration and attrition, from the rocks. Only, in those primitive times of which we speak, the rocks were not the same in character as those of the Palisades—those the world over on which the forces of nature are acting to-day;—for these in their turn, or most of them, have been formed from the detritus of disintegrated rocks by processes hereafter to be described. The earlier soil, as well as the atmosphere, was, therefore, of a different character from that of to-day, adapted to the production of a coarser, more luxuriant, less delicate and beautiful vegetation. If we take a section of the material which lies at the bottom of any high cliff like the Palisades, or around the bases of mountains, we shall find that it is composed of the same material as the cliff or mountain above. Thus, partly by atmospheric agencies, by rain, frost and snow, by the action of the sea as it breaks against the cliffs along the shore, partly by glaciers—those rivers of ice, which slowly, but with tremendous energy, wear their way down from mountain heights until they melt in the heat of the low-land sun—all the soil upon the earth, all the sand upon the deserts, all loose material, has been formed.

Evidencies of glacial action are wide-spread in both Europe and America. Glacial drifts—immense boulders, removed a long way from the native rock from which they were separated, often left on the summits of high hills; pebbles and cobble-stones, worn by attrition,—the loose drift and soil of glacial moraines,—may be found all through our Northern country. Scratches or grooves made on the surfaces of the rocks by hard stones caught in the ice, and dragged along by the force of the trend, indicate the direction of the glacier's flow. The region of glacial action may be mapped out with accuracy wherever its effects have been closely studied. The glacial moraines form many of the hills which we now observe in the regions where glaciers operated. Besides its influence in disintegrating rocks and forming soil, glacial action has notably affected the conformation of the earth's surface in many places, forming hills, as we have said, excavating valleys, and even altering the natural boundaries of the land and sea. Anglesea Island, near Wales, for example, is supposed to have been separated from the main-land by the action of a great glacier which descended from the mountains of the Lake Region, ploughing its way across the bed of what is now known as the Irish Sea, and excavating a narrow channel in the soft rock which previously connected Anglesea with the main-land.

The soil formed by these various agencies even as we see it to-day—and at no earlier period was it more abundant—is, however, scarcely more than a carpet covering here and there the hard floor of rock. It is easy, almost anywhere, to dig through this carpet; or if you go down into the coal or iron mines of Pennsylvania, or the marble quarries of Vermont, you will see how thin is this superficial covering, and that underneath it everywhere is the floor of rock. Proceeding with our investigations, we will now observe the character of this underlying foundation, as it exists to-day, and study the processes by which it has been formed.

Lewis G. Janes.

WOMEN AND SCIENCE.

To those who watch with anxiety, at times not unmixed with discouragement, the slow progress of women towards that intellectual plane on which they shall stand equal with men, all signs which tell them that female education is working higher, and broadening daily, are extremely welcome; but even more welcome, because a thousand times more necessary, are such signs, slight, perhaps, in themselves, which convince us that the foundations on which women now build are of a firm character. All education, more especially for woman, which has not a scientific foun-

Afternoon Friday, among notable occurrences, a discussion of tests for membership — whether to broaden or narrow them; a discussion shared warmly by several — Salter, Adler, Weston, Errant, Frances Emily White, others — but all in good spirit, with formulated results none, as was to have been expected. Friday evening the St. George's Hall public meeting, *in re* college. Adler, Royce, Ward, Davidson, Potter, principally speaking, and Weston reading a batch of letters from well-wishers — from Frothingham, Conway, Gannett, many others — besides having from various sources equally good words not read. Adler very strong this evening. Royce very elaborate and ready, but only technically, not by nature, a philosopher. Ward brief — told a good story which everybody carried home for its deep spiritual significance. Potter earnest and happy. Davidson came in late, spoke very shortly. All the remarks in one vein of warm expectancy — save, perhaps, Royce's, which, whatever they possessed, did not possess warmth. The audience large, though not very large. But an audience of right mettle. The meeting was regarded by those who planned it as palpably a success.

Saturday forenoon — first the conference over college matters. Here, a long statement of details and warnings from Professor Royce, wherein he took up a point urged by Potter the night before; a short rejoinder, or explanation, from Mr. Potter; a happy speech from Davidson; a passage-at-arms between Davidson and Royce (the real and technical philosopher here deeply contrasted, illustrated); — words from Adler and others. Then the return to convention-routine — the committee-reports, the decision to go ahead with college by practical measures. Saturday afternoon — general committee-reports, and general concluding of business of convention. More discussion. Added thereto, a paper from Mr. Rosenblatt, of the New York Society, dealing with the social life of the societies. Saturday evening — reception in this same building (1630 Arch street); a hearty, happy occasion. The visitors many — a hundred and over, I should say — and simple but enjoyable provision for all of them. Prof. Davidson recited certain Scotch poems inimitably. Music; — later on, by a lingering coterie, dancing.

Sunday morning, at St. George's Hall, addresses from Sheldon and Adler, touching "ethical classes," — methods, results. Adler especially strong: lucid as a summer's day: a marvelously clear-cut exhibit, transfused with a profound philosophy and the ruddiness of faith. Truly among the very best of the usual best things to be heard from Adler. I don't think the *raison d'être* of ethical instruction for the young ever had such statement before. Sunday evening, a series of addresses — Salter as chief, followed by Clifford, Potter, Mrs. Spencer, Mangasarian, in their order. The subject up here, what could be the basis for fellowship? — Salter, with Clifford, more clearly than the others, striking bedrock. Salter eloquent, strong — always with exalted poetic glow — breaking with all bonds; Clifford profound, sublimely annunciatory (a pen, a tongue, the world must some day receive at its true value: to-day mainly unknown, or, where known, scarcely cherished or comprehended), — with sparks of spiritual sarcasm not doubtingly struck for new fires of faith.

These are barest outlines of events; only hints, or hurrying shadows, of an occasion historic and beautiful. We cannot lose sight of such entrances save as we sacrifice deepest for shallowest currents of life. There was modest hopefulness of demeanor in all that was transacted. Even the college, which is justly to be regarded as a large undertaking, has been assumed as among the effects of duty rather than of grandiloquence. I was present at all the proceedings of the convention, and felt myself exalted in its atmosphere of spiritual hunger and unalloyed liberty.

Among concrete notes, these are to be printed as of red-letter importance: viz., the undoubted development of the preliminaries of the college; the interesting formation of an ethical society at Johns Hopkins, exclusively for the floating population of students; the assured continuance of the *Ethical Record*, with an editor (Weston since chosen) who, at the same time, as secretary of the Union of Ethical Societies, traveling much about in the interest of larger and closer association, is to be salaried, and so maintained. And these, while concrete in outward guise, are even more important for the spiritual ends they subserve.

The Ethical Societies pass out into the larger field of a new year. Ever the accumulation of experience — ever the maintenance of freedom — ever the eye that sees and includes: the eye that for no allurement will film and dismiss! Here is its future — here, in an alliance of freedom and beauty; not Buddhist, not Christian, certainly not Methodistic or Unitarian, but simply human, sure that what humanity includes no other faith can disclaim, and what humanity refutes, no other dares possess!

HORACE L. TRAUBEL.

A WORD ABOUT AGNOSTICISM.

A WORD only, and by way of definition. It is singular that so plain a term should be so misunderstood. According to common apprehension, it is synonymous with simple ignorance of the supreme mind. It may be the ignorance of awe, humility, conscious imperfection, as of a creature who cannot fathom the thoughts of his creator. It is assumed that there is no *essential* difference between God and man; — merely a difference in degree; the former being infinite, the latter finite; God being, in fact, man raised to the highest power, — his justice being, at bottom, human justice, his goodness being human goodness. Every form of religion has agnosticism of this kind. The Old Testament abounds in it. "Canst thou, by searching, find out God?" It is a sentiment full of modesty, aspiration, acquiescence, renunciation, piety. By and by, men are assured, the secret purpose will be disclosed. Then we shall know even as we are known. "Now we see dimly, as in a glass, but then face to face."

This, however, is a very different thing from philosophical agnosticism, and starts with a very different assumption. Philosophical agnosticism begins by taking for granted the fundamental unlikeness of God to man; man's incapacity, by any amount of stretching, to find the Absolute; a cardinal limitation of the human faculties; a denial of power to conceive the divine mind. It adopts, as a primary truth, the idea that *there is* a Power outside of us, an intelligent will, but the nature of this Power it declares to be, not merely unknown, but unknowable, — to use the phrase of Herbert Spencer, the leading agnostic of our generation, although he did not invent the word. Huxley claims to have named the theory, but it is the theory, not the name, that concerns us now.

The emphasis, it must be observed, should be laid on the word *knowledge*. Man is unable to *know* deity. He may guess at him, may imagine what he may be, may surmise about him, but this is not *knowledge*. Knowledge is of that which appears and can be apprehended; of data, of facts. Not, necessarily, of *sensible* facts, but of all facts, visible or invisible, material or immaterial. It is evident that the limit, even on the meanest supposition, is very remote. For not only is the realm of phenomena exceedingly vast, various and perplexing, but the faculties of the human mind are of incalculable extent; so that there is abundant room for inquiry, devotion of will, enthusiasm of feeling, loyalty of endeavor, consecration of conscience, elevation of spirit. Every highest attribute of the rational being is overtasked by the world as it now is. Still, there is a limit; this world is all that can be grasped; and they who must have a clear presentiment of another, in order that their faculties may be stimulated to their full exertion, in order that a perfect justice may be done to this life, must go unconsoled. There

is indeed hope that something may come; but such a hope is far off, and so much attenuated as to be of no avail. The utmost extension which science, physical and psychical, may give to the individual or the social organization, is simply tantalizing, if not exasperating to them.

It must not, in the meantime, be forgotten that agnosticism is not atheism; that it is a very different thing; in truth, the very opposite thing, and cannot carry the same implications. It does not shut the door to all possibilities. There may be new endowments of reason which will enable man to know what now is concealed. This atheism forbids us to hope.

It is my impression that not only is agnosticism passing away, but that it never pretended to be anything more than a transitory phase of speculation. If my memory serves me rightly, Huxley and Darwin proposed it as an offset to theories like that of Dr. Markel in his "Philosophy of the Conditioned"; and Herbert Spencer used it as a means of reconciling religion with science.

As God comes down from the clouds of theology, and science comes up from the lower parts of the earth, it is possible that a ground of knowledge may be discovered firm enough to sustain the tread of a Living God. Should this be so, none would rejoice more than the agnostics.

O. B. Frothingham.

LUCIFER'S UMBRELLA.

A FANTASY OF ENFORCED CONSISTENCY.

PART III.

We have seen the journalist, the doctor of divinity and the Catholic priest betrayed into ruinous folly, and even crime, by this mischievous invention for developing false opinions into their logical results. The two clergymen soon went back to following religion along the world's highway, as a driver follows his horse. The convert to Transcendentalism, however, plunged so deep into dissipation that he could not rise again to respectability, without leaving his theory behind. Never afterwards did he think of yielding to any instinct, impulse, or idea, further than is fully sanctioned by public opinion. He resisted all temptations to eccentricity or originality so successfully that he has become one of our most eminent critics of literature and art; for no one is better able to speak as the majority thinks about a new picture or book. His early wanderings, however, had alarmed both the doctor and his daughter, Clara, so much that they felt the need of planting themselves on firmer ground than they had yet reached. It was partly owing to this condition of their thoughts, and partly to Clara's unwillingness to trust the pretty little umbrella in any hands but her own, that month after month passed by without its finding another victim.

In the spring, our two travelers came back from Italy to Paris, where they fell in with the young chemist who had been surgeon on their steamer,— Mr. Marlow. His preparatory studies for entering upon his professorship in the Presbyterian college had been carried on so diligently that he would be ready to return that summer; and he could not resist the doctor's invitation to take the same steamer with him and his daughter. The beauty and intelligence of the young lady had made so deep an impression on Mr. Marlow that he had avoided being in her company while on the steamer. What chance did a poor man from the West have of pleasing a Boston heiress? The doctor showed himself so dependent on his society, however, that it was impossible not to accept his hospitable invitations to meet himself and Clara; and every meeting deepened the wound. It was almost a relief to bid them good-bye, when they left Paris again for a few weeks in Switzerland. As they parted, it happened to be beginning to rain, and Clara insisted on his taking her own pet umbrella; for, she said, she knew it would be safer in his room than following her father up among the avalanches.

As he was pressing his lips, that night, where he had often seen her dainty fingers rest, he did not imagine that he was kissing the very mouth which had tempted Mother Eve to ruin herself and all mankind. No wonder that he could not get to sleep! At last he sprang out of bed, relighted his lamp, and began to read. He happened to take up a pamphlet which a friend of his had just published to illustrate the fact which, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, is stated thus: "Intellectual insanity never exists without moral perversion." He read instance after instance of kleptomania, of crazy thirst for alcohol, and of the over-powering impulses to cruel or filthy conduct, which are inflicted by mental disease on men and women who thitherto may have led pure and upright lives. From the stories of Mary Lamb and of Ophelia, he turned to the evidence of the fact that one of the primary symptoms of all forms of insanity is a corruption of the moral nature. He threw down the book and tried to think of something else; but he could not help remembering how often insanity is due to hereditary predispositions, to accidental injuries to the brain, or to other causes beyond the control of the sufferer. He thought, too, of the frequency of moral idiocy, and of the general tendency of disease to impair virtue,— until he felt that he must try to turn the current of his thoughts by going out to walk.

The night air was mild, and the rain was almost over; but Clara's umbrella was still in his hand as he met a party of acquaintances, who told him only too plainly where they had been. He broke loose from them with disgust; but, as he did so, he remembered how unsuccessful he had been in trying, on just such a night some months before, to persuade the doctor's secretary to leave a similar party, and how the profligate had said: "Don't you tell me that I am doing wrong. Why, I am obeying the laws of Nature. I am merely satisfying desires which are just as necessary and natural as hunger or thirst." Mr. Marlow felt as confident as ever of the justice of those restraints upon passion which society enforces for her own protection and our universal welfare. But as he thought of the amount of sensuality in Paris, a doubt fell upon him, which seemed to make his blood run cold. "How can all this be," he cried, "if there is any God? Would a Heavenly Father give his children brains and bodies bad enough to drag them down into sins which they would otherwise escape gladly and triumphantly? Perhaps the difficulty may be avoided," he thought, after a moment or two, "by falling back upon the doctrines of Predestination, Reprobation, Original Sin, and the Fall of Man!" But Marlow's faith in these dogmas had been so shaken by conversation with the doctor that they now were simply repulsive. Some comments, too, which Clara had made a few hours before, on Paul's view of women's rights, occurred to him, as he returned to his room, hopelessly bewildered.

All his doubts vanished as he went out next morning into bright sunshine, without the dangerous umbrella. He had scarcely returned in the evening, however, when he became fully aware that he was no longer enough of a Presbyterian to take a professorship in a denominationol college. Still, he shrank from making an avowal which would distress all his friends, especially the old aunt who had been a second mother to him, and who had promised to make him her heir. Besides, what would Clara think of him now? And at all events it would be harder than ever before to gain such a position as would make it otherwise than basely mercenary to ask her to be his wife.

Night after night he pondered over what he was to do. At last he made up his mind to write a letter — marked on the envelope, "confidential" — to the president of the college, who had always been his friend, telling him exactly what he thought, and declining the professorship, but asking that the matter be put in as favorable a light as possible, with especial consideration for the feelings of his aunt.

How far he himself ought to break the news to his aunt he could not yet determine. He spent all day in writing and copying the letter to the president, and was about to mail it, when he happened to remember that he had promised to send, on or before that same date, an article to *The Palladium*, a periodical edited by his nephew and other students of the college. He had written, some days before, a sketch of his life in Paris; and it was then lying on the table, beside the copy which he had made for his own keeping of his letter to the President. The hour was late; and his head, influenced by the strong emotions of the hour, was aching violently. He certainly could not write another article that night. But why not send to *The Palladium* the sketch, already prepared, of his experiences in Paris? Rising, he thrust one of the little piles of manuscript before him into his trunk, and the other into an envelope addressed to his nephew, and mailed both letters as he went out to walk.

His doubts troubled him no more. The only question was what thereafter to work at. For days he thought over the different branches of practical chemistry, endeavoring to decide which he would better take up. And so the time passed, until, before he had come to any conclusion, he received this letter from his nephew, the editor:

"Dear Uncle:

"Such a circus! Your article came so late that I had only time to look at the length before sending it to the printers. We ordered five hundred extra copies of this number, to distribute at Commencement; and I had just finished handing them round at the exercises, when in rushed Prex, as red as a turkey-cock. He told the audience not to read such awful blasphemy, but to give up the magazine at once, to the professors, who would go round after the copies. They didn't get them all back though, by a long sight; and besides, the subscribers had already been supplied. Then he asked, which of the editors was responsible for your article. I got up,—and was expelled, short metre, That's all right. I've been wanting to go into business. But, oh! how he did go for you! Of course you're to be bounced as professor, alumnus, and church-member,—boycotted, and black-listed. Poor old Aunt Sarah went into hysterics when he scolded about your send him a letter marked 'confidential,' and then publishing it. 'He who is faithless towards God will always be faithless towards man,' quoth Prex!"

Marlow dropped the letter, and opened his trunk. There lay the sketch which he meant to send to the magazine;—and he knew what had been published instead!

He was still sitting with his head in his hands, when he heard a knock at the door. It was the old doctor, returned from Switzerland,—looking more friendly than ever, and full of some very important business, which was to be talked over that evening, after his friend had dined with him and his daughter. How his face fell, as Marlow told him the whole story, adding that, under this public disgrace, and with the influence of the great Evangelical sects against him, it might be impossible, now, for him ever to gain such a position as would justify his telling Clara how he loved her! It might be best for them both never to meet again. All this he said with a sinking heart,—for the old gentleman looked as if he agreed with him. But at last, he put the precious umbrella in the doctor's hands, and begged him to say farewell for him to Clara.

The doctor had really been very doubtful what to do. He liked Marlow, himself, and he thought his daughter did; but his own wealth and social standing seemed now to make such a marriage as had been thought of out of the question. Scarcely had he taken hold of Lucifer's umbrella, however, when he began to remember some very noble views of social equality and religious liberty, which he had set forth that very morning with such power as to utterly vanquish an English bishop! He stood for a few minutes, pouring forth very kind but rather non-committal phrases. Then the full influence of the umbrella came over him; and he exclaimed,—"Why, my dear fellow, your are not in the least disgraced, only persecuted! I think all the better of you for this, and so will Clara. Of course, whatever suits her suits me. And I may as well tell you at once what the business is of which I spoke just now. I have bought a controlling interest in a factory, where we need another chemist; and I want you to take the place."

Here ends this Fantasy. The offer was of course gladly accepted; and it is due to the doctor to say that he never regretted it, nor in any way thrust himself between the young people. How fast their regard for each other increased may be imagined from the fact that, during one of their many conversations on board of the steamer, as they were returning to America, the snaky umbrella slipped unnoticed from her lap, and plunged indignantly overboard! Down it sank, hissing furiously,—to tell Lucifer, its maker, that he had overreached himself, as he usually does. What mischief had been done, however, was slight and temporary, compared with the great and enduring happiness which had been brought about. Moreover, errors in philosophy and religion had been seriously discredited, by being forced to reveal their peculiar tendences and logical results; and it had been clearly shown that science has given us a system of thought which we cannot follow too consistently or boldly.

FRED. MAY HOLLAND.

NOTES.

THIS April number of THE NEW IDEAL goes to press early enough to announce that there is to be a public debate in Cleveland, Ohio, March 21, 22 and 23, between B. F. Underwood and Rev. Dr. C. S. Bates, rector of St. Paul's Episcopal Church on Euclid Avenue, one of the fashionable and aristocratic churches of that city. Dr. Bates is one of the ablest and most popular clergymen in Cleveland, and is a brilliant controversialist. Of Mr. Underwood's qualifications it is unnecessary to speak. The propositions which will form the basis of the three evenings' discussion are as follows:

1. Some of the teachings of Christianity are detrimental to the welfare of mankind.
2. The Bible contains special revelations from God to man.
3. The miraculous is both possible and probable.

March 27, Mr. Underwood delivers an address in New York, before the Nineteenth Century Club,—subject, "Religion from the Standpoint of Science." Sunday, March 31, he speaks for the Free Religious Society in Providence, R. I. A week later, April 7, he addresses the Liberal Lecture Association at East Dennis, Mass.

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